



BEAUMONT & FLETCHER

The Ormond Poets

Number 8



1/-

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER

Lyrics from the Plays

Edited by

G. D. H. & M. I.

COLE



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FRANCIS BEAUMONT

[1584—1616]

AND

JOHN FLETCHER

[1579—1625]

THIS selection includes only songs and verses chosen from plays written either by Beaumont and Fletcher together, or by Fletcher with other collaborators. The exact authorship of particular plays is often in doubt. We have chosen freely from the whole Beaumont and Fletcher *corpus*, but have not included any of the occasional verses written by either poet. The lines *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune* were prefixed to the play of that name, and therefore fall within the scope of our selection. It is possible that Beaumont's poems will be included in a later volume. The best modern edition of the plays is that published by the Cambridge University Press.

G. D. H. C.
M. I. C.

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The Two Noble Kinsmen

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
 But in their hue ;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
 And sweet thime true ;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
 With her bells dim :
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
 Lark-heels trim ;

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
 Blessing their sense !
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
 Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
 Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
 But from it fly !

Urns and odours bring away,
Vapors, sighs, darken the day !
Our dole more deadly looks than dying !
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours, through the wild air flying :
Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed Pleasure's foes !
We convent nought else but woes.

The Maid's Tragedy

Cynthia, to thy power and thee,
We obey.
Joy to this great company !
And no day
Come to steal this night away,
Till the rites of love are ended ;
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended.
Pace out, you watery powers below ;
Let your feet,
Like the gallies when they row,
Even beat.
Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial.



Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have
done :
The day will come too soon ;

Young maids will curse thee if thou steal'st
away,

And leav'st their losses open to the day ;

Stay, stay, and hide

The blushes of the bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness
cover

The kisses of her lover.

Stay, and confound her tears, and her shrill
cryings,

Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings ;

Stay, and hide all :

But help not, though she call.



Lay a garland on my hearse,

Of the dismal yew ;

Maidens, willow branches bear ;

Say I died true :

My love was false, but I was firm

From my hour of birth.

Upon my buried body lie

Lightly, gentle earth !



I could never have the power

To love one above an hour,

But my heart would prompt mine eye

On some other man to fly ;

Venus, fix mine eyes fast,

Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

The Elder Brother

Beauty clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells ;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.
Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new ;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss,
Make me live by serving you.
Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all ;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory:
I am your servant, and your thrall.

The Spanish Curate

I

Dearest, do not you delay me,
Since, thou know'st, I must be gone ;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odours doth excel.

II

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair,
 Kill not him that vows to serve thee ;
 But perfume this neighbouring air,
 Else dull silence, sure, will starve me :
 'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
 Which being restrain'd, a heart is broken.

¶

I

Let the bells ring, and let the boys sing,
 The young lasses skip and play ;
 Let the cups go round, till round goes the
 ground,
 Our learned old vicar will stay.

II

Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,
 And let the fat goose swim ;
 For verily, verily, verily, ah
 Our vicar this day shall be trim.

III

The stew'd cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
 A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow ;
 The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
 Of onions and claret below.

IV

Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat
 To thee our most noble adviser ;
 Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall
 sweat,
 And we ourselves will be wiser.

We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll
 drink,
 And tithes shall come thicker and thicker ;
 We'll fall to our plough, and get children
 enow,
 And thou shalt be learned old vicar.

Monsieur Thomas

Maid. My man Thomas
 Did me promise,
 He would visit me this night.
Thomas. I am here, love ;
 Tell me, dear love,
 How I may obtain thy sight.
Maid. Come up to my window, love ;
 Come, come, come !
 Come to my window, my dear ;
 The wind nor the rain
 Shall trouble thee again,
 But thou shalt be lodged here.



From elves, hobs, and fairies,
 That trouble our dairies,
 From fire-drakes and fiends,
 And such as the devil sends,
 Defend us, good Heaven !

The Faithful Shepherdess

Shepherds, thus I purge away
Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past hours, gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden blood.
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quick desires,
They do kindle by their fires,
I do wash you with this water ;
Be you pure and fair hereafter !
From your livers and your veins
Thus I take away the stains.
All your thoughts be smooth and fair ;
Be ye fresh and free as air.
Never more let lustful heat
Through your purged conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a shepherdess's ear ;
Go your ways, ye are all clear.



Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep ;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neighb'ring ground
Fills the music with her sound.
Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing :

Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke !



Come, shepherds, come !
Come away
Without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given ;
Dainty pleasures that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin blood desire.
Then, if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it :
Think not I
Dare deny
If you crave it.



Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is ;

Hanging on their velvet heads,
 Like a rope of crystal beads.
 See the heavy clouds low falling,
 And bright Hesperus down calling
 The dead Night from under ground ;
 At whose rising mists unsound,
 Damps and vapours fly apace,
 Hovering o'er the wanton face
 Of these pastures, where they come,
 Striking dead both bud and bloom :
 Therefore, from such danger, lock
 Every one his loved flock ;
 And let your dogs lie loose without,
 Lest the wolf come as a scout
 From the mountain, and, ere day,
 Bear a lamb or kid away ;
 Or the crafty thievish fox
 Break upon your simple flocks.
 To secure yourselves from these,
 Be not too secure in ease ;
 Let one eye his watches keep,
 While the other eye doth sleep ;
 So you shall good shepherds prove,
 And for ever hold the love
 Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
 And soft silence, fall in numbers
 On your eye-lids ! So, farewell !
 Thus I end my evening's knell.



From thy forehead thus I take
 These herbs, and charge thee not to wake
 Till in yonder holy well,

Thrice with powerful magic spell,
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou hast been dipp'd. Thus, with my cord
Of blasted hemp, by moon-light twined,
I do thy sleepy body bind :
I turn thy head into the east,
And thy feet into the west,
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And thy right unto the north :
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly swoond,
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string.—

Take this maid, thou holy pit,
To thy bottom ; nearer yet ;
In thy water pure and sweet
By thy leave I dip her feet ;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet ;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washed be ;
There I stop.—Fly away,
Ev'ry thing that loves the day :
Truth, that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes, that cast your coats for new,
Camelions, that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecatè, with shapès three,
Let this maiden changéd be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret.
Cynthia, work thou with my charm !

Thus I draw thee, free from harm,
Up out of this blessed lake.
Rise, both like her, and awake !



Up and down, every where,
I strew these herbs, to purge the air :
Let your odour drive hence
All mists that dazzle sense.
Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to !
Let her fly, let her 'scape ;
Give again her own shape !



I am this fountain's God ! Below
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool stream shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I :
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud ;
But trout and pike, that love to swim

Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen :
Orient pearl fit for a queen
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in :
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.



Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river, sweet ;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod ;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob ; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee !



Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I past ;
Not a twig that durst deny me,

Not a bush that durst descry me,
To the little bird that sleeps
On the tender spray ; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles ; not a hare
Can be started from his fare
By my footing ; nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour.
But behold the happy power,
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit.
Heaven and great Pan succour it !



Satyr. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing ;
By my head, 'twere better missing.—
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it ; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,

Or to steal from the great queen
Of the fairies all her beauty ;
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.

Clorin. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the
cries

Of any other that be hurt or ill
Draw thee unto them, pr'ythee, do thy will
To bring them hither.

Sat. I will ; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish :
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bower may ever dwell
Spring and summer !

Clo. Friend, farewell !



Satyr. See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire ; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold ;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit ;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay :
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wand'ring swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.

Amoret. Ah me !

Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be.
I am ready ; speak, I say :
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of night and Pan,
I enforce thee speak again !

Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy !

Sat. Yet more blood !
Sure these wanton swains are woo'd.
Can there be a hand or heart,
Dare commit so vile a part
As this murder ? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face !
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddess keeps ; and crave
Her to give her life or grave.



Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep !
See the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, while the sun
To the mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field !
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find

Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day ;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay :
So unfold, and then away !



Kneel, every shepherd, while with powerful
hand

I bless your after-labours, and the land
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend
you

From misfortune, and amend you,
Keep you from those dangers still
That are follow'd by your will ;
Give ye means to know at length
All your riches, all your strength
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, till his power
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to every soul.
May his care of you controul
All diseases, sores, or pain
That in after-time may reign
Either in your flocks or you ;
Give you all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
' That ye may be ever true !

Now rise and go ; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honest Dorus taught ye ; Dorus, he
That was the soul and god of melody.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flock from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young !
Thus great Pan is ever sung !



Satyr. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
Like Apollo ! tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr ? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night

For a beam to give thee light ?
 Shall I dive into the sea,
 And bring thee coral, making way
 Through the rising waves that fall
 In snowy fleeces ? Dearest, shall
 I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
 Whose woven wings the summer dyes
 Of many colours ? get thee fruit,
 Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute ?
 All these I'll venture for, and more,
 To do her service all these woods adore.
Clorin. No other service, Satyr, but thy
 watch
 About these thicks, lest harmless people catch
 Mischief or sad mischance.
Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
 Round about these woods as quick
 As the breaking light, and prick
 Down the lawns and down the vales
 Faster than the windmill-sails.
 So I take my leave, and pray
 All the comforts of the day,
 Such as Phœbus' heat doth send
 On the earth, may still befriend
 Thee and this harbour !
Cl. And to thee
 All thy master's love be free !

The Mad Lover

Go, happy heart ! for thou shalt lie
Intomb'd in her for whom I die,
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her pride,
That it was for her I died.

If a tear escape her eye,
'Tis not for my memory,
But thy rites of obsequy.

The altar was my loving breast,
My heart the sacrificed beast,
And I was myself the priest.

Your body was the sacred shrine,
Your cruel mind the power divine,
Pleased with hearts of men, not kine.



Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below,
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to shew :
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass
through hell :

Hark, and beware ! unless thou hast loved,
ever

Beloved again, thou shalt see those joys
never.

Hark, how they groan that died despairing !
Oh, take heed then !
Hark how they howl for over-daring !
All these were men.

They that be fools, and die for fame,
They lose their name ;
And they that bleed,
Hark how they speed !

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires
They sit, and curse their lost desires :
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and
fears,
Till women waft them over in their tears.



Orpheus. Charon, oh, Charon,
Thou wafter of the souls to bliss or bane !
Charon. Who calls the ferryman of hell ?
Orph. Come near,
And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.
Cha. Those that die well, eternal joy shall
follow ;
Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall
swallow.
Orph. Shall thy black bark those guilty
spirits stow
That kill themselves for love ?
Cha. Oh, no, no, no.
My cordage cracks when such great sins are
near ;
No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.

Orph. What lovers pass, and in Elyzium
reign ?

Cha. Those gentle loves that are beloved
again.

Orph. This soldier loves, and fain would die
to win ;

Shall he go on ?

Cha. No, 'tis too foul a sin.

He must not come aboard ; I dare not row ;
Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow.

Orph. Shall time release him, say ?

Cha. No, no, no, no.

Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer :
My boat is Destiny ; and who then dare,
But those appointed, come aboard ? Live still,
And love by reason, mortal, not by will.

Orph. And when thy mistress shall close up
thine eyes——

Cha. Then come aboard, and pass.

Orph. Till when, be wise.

Cha. Till when, be wise.



Oh, fair sweet goddess, queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,
Humble-eyed, and ever ruing
Those poor hearts, their loves pursuing !
Oh, thou mother of delights,
Crownner of all happy nights,
Star of dear content and pleasure,
Of mutual loves the endless treasure !
Accept this sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual youth and spring,

Grant this lady her desires,
And every hour we'll crown thy fires.



Oh, divinest star of Heaven,
Thou, in power above the seven :
Thou sweet kindler of desires,
Till they grow to mutual fires :
Thou, oh gentle queen, that art
Curer of each wounded heart :
Thou, the fuel and the flame ;
Thou, in Heaven, and here the same :
Thou, the wooer, and the woo'd :
Thou, the hunger and the food :
Thou, the prayer, and the pray'd ;
Thou, what is, or shall be said :
Thou, still young, and golden tressed,
Make me by thy answer blessed !



Arm, arm, arm, arm ! the scouts are all
come in.
Keep your ranks close, and now your
honours win.
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears ;
Bows, bills, glaves, arrows, shields, and
spears ;
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest
pouring ;
Oh, view the wings of horse the meadows
scouring.

The van-guard marches bravely. Hark, the
drums,

Dub, dub.

They meet, they meet, and now the battle
comes.

See how the arrows fly,
That darken all the sky ;
Hark how the trumpets sound,
Hark how the hills rebound !

Tara, tara.

Hark how the horse charge ! in boys, boys
in !

The battle totters ; now the wounds begin ;

Oh, how they cry,

Oh, how they die !

Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with
thunder !

See how he breaks the ranks asunder.

They fly, they fly ! Eumenes has the chase,
And brave Polybius makes good his place.

To the plains, to the woods,

To the rocks, to the floods,

They fly for succour. Follow, follow,
follow !

Hark how the soldiers hollow !

Hey, hey

Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his soldiers fled,
The battle's won, and lost,
That many a life has cost.

Valentinian

Now the lusty spring is seen ;
 Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
 Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
 And enticing men to pull ;
Lilies whiter than the snow,
 Woodbines of sweet honey full :
 All love's emblems, and all cry,
 “ Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die.”

Yet the lusty spring hath staid ;
 Blushing red, and purest white,
 Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
 And inviting men to taste ;
Apples even ripe below,
 Winding gently to the waist :
 All love's emblems, and all cry,
 “ Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die.”



Hear ye, ladies that despise,
 What the mighty Love has done ;
Fear examples, and be wise :
 Fair Calisto was a nun ;
Leda, sailing on the stream
 To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
 Doted on a silver swan ;

Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do ;
Fear the fierceness of the boy :
The chaste moon he makes to woo ;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies ;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.



Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince ; fall like a cloud,
In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud,
Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !



God Lyæus, ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung ;
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim ;

From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a river run with wine.
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear !

The Pilgrim

Down, ye angry waters all ;
Ye loud whistling whirlwinds, fall ;
Down, ye proud waves ; ye storms, cease ;
I command ye, be at peace.
Fright not with your churlish notes,
Nor bruise the keel of bark that floats ;
No devouring fish come nigh,
Nor monster in my empery
Once shew his head, or terror bring ;
But let the weary sailor sing :
Amphitrite with white arms
Strike my lute, I'll sing thy charms.



I am not proud, nor full of wine,
(This little flower will make me fine,)
Cruel in heart, (for I shall cry,
If I see a sparrow die :)
I am not watchful to do ill,
Nor glorious to pursue it still :
Nor pitiless to those that weep ;
Such as are, bid them go sleep.

The Captain

Tell me, dearest, what is love ?
'Tis a lightning from above ;
 'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
 'Tis a boy they call Desire.
 'Tis a grave,
 Gapes to have
Those poor fools that long to prove.

Tell me more, are women true ?
Yes, some are, and some as you.
 Some are willing, some are strange,
 Since you men first taught to change.
 And till troth
 Be in both,
All shall love, to love anew.

Tell me more yet, can they grieve ?
Yes, and sicken sure, but live :
 And be wise, and delay,
 When you men are as wise as they.
 Then I see,
 Faith will be,
Never till they both believe.



Away, delights ; go seek some other dwelling,
 For I must die :
Farewell, false love ; thy tongue is ever telling
 Lie after lie.
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts ;
 Alas, for pity go,

And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee ; mine was not so.
Never again deluding Love shall know me,
For I will die ;
And all those griefs that think to over grow me,
Shall be as I :
For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,
“ Alas, for pity stay,
And let us die
With thee ; men cannot mock us in the clay.”



Come hither, you that love, and hear me sing
Of joys still growing,
Green, fresh, and lusty, as the pride of spring,
And ever blowing.
Come hither, youths that blush, and dare not
know
What is desire,
And old men, worse than you, that cannot
blow
One spark of fire.
And with the power of my enchanting song,
Boys shall be able men, and old men young.
Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry ;
Leave off complaining ;
Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never
die,
Are here remaining.
Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long
From being blest,

And mad men worse than you, that suffer
wrong,

Yet seek no rest.

And in an hour, with my enchanting song,
You shall be ever pleased, and young maids
long.

The Little French Lawyer

Come away ; bring on the bride,
And place her by her lover's side.
You fair troop of maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.
Blush, and wish, you virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall.

Hymen fill the house with joy,
All thy sacred fires employ :
Bless the bed with holy love,
Now, fair orb of beauty, move.



This way, this way, come and hear,
You that hold these pleasures dear ;
Fill your ears with our sweet sound,
Whilst we melt the frozen ground.
This way come ; make haste, oh, fair !
Let your clear eyes gild the air ;
Come, and bless us with your sight !
This way, this way, seek delight !

The Lovers' Progress

Adieu, fond love ! farewell, you wanton
Powers !

I am free again ;
Thou dull disease of blood and idle hours,
Bewitching pain,
Fly to the fools that sigh away their time !
My nobler love, to Heaven climb,
And there behold beauty still young,
That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy ;
Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,
And honour'd by eternity and joy !
There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire ;
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows
higher.



'Tis late and cold ; stir up the fire ;
Sit close, and draw the table nigher ;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold !
Your beds of wanton down the best,
Where you shall tumble to your rest ;
I could wish you wenches too,
But I am dead, and cannot do.
Call for the best the house may ring,
Sack, white, and claret, let them bring,
And drink apace, while breath you have ;
You'll find but cold drink in the grave :
Plover, partridge, for your dinner,
And a capon for the sinner,
You shall find ready when you're up,

And your horse shall have his sup :
Welcome, welcome, shall fly round,
And I shall smile, though under ground.

A Wife for a Month

Let those complain that feel Love's cruelty,
And in sad legends write their woes ;
With roses gently he has corrected me,
My war is without rage or blows :
My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,
And hope springs up inflamed with her
new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
With folded arms, and sighs all day,
Reck'ning the torments of my hell,
And flinging my sweet joys away :
I am call'd home again to quiet peace,
My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows
cease.

Yet what is living in her eye,
Or being blest with her sweet tongue,
If these no other joys imply ?
A golden gyve, a pleasing wrong :
To be your own but one poor month, I'd
give
My youth, my fortune, and then leave to
live !

Come, ye servants of proud Love,
Come away :
Fairly, nobly, gently move !
Too long, too long you make us stay.
Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,
Distrust, and Jealousy, be you too here ;
Consuming Care, and raging Ire,
And Poverty in poor attire,
March fairly in, and last Despair.
Now full music strike the air.

Women Pleased

Oh, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright,
Twin stars in Heaven, that now adorn the
night ;
Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties
blow ;
Oh thou from head to foot divinely fair !
Cupid's most cunning net's made of that hair ;
And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
“ Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myself,” he cries :
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches
keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes !



Sometimes o'er a swelling tide,
On a dolphin's back I ride ;

Sometimes pass the earth below,
And through the unmoved centre go ;
Sometimes in a flame of fire,
Like a meteor I aspire ;
Sometimes in mine own shape, thus,
When I help the virtuous :
Men of honourable minds,
Command my art in all his kinds :
Pursue the noble thought of war ;
From thy guard I'll not be far.
Get thee worship on thy foe ;
Lasting fame is gotten so.
Single Sienna's Duke alone ;
Hear thy friends, thy country groan,
And with thy manly arm strike sure ;
Then thou hast wrought thine own free cure.



QUESTION

Tell me what is that only thing,
For which all women long ;
Yet having what they most desire,
To have it does them wrong ?

ANSWER

'Tis not to be chaste, nor fair,
(Such gifts malice may impair)
Richly trimm'd, to walk or ride,
Or to wanton unespied ;
To preserve an honest name,
And so to give it up to fame ;
These are toys. In good or ill,
They desire to have their will :

Yet, when they have it, they abuse it,
For they know not how to use it.

The Bloody Brother

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow.
Best while you have it use your breath ;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it.
It helps the head-ach, cough, and ptisic,
And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health ;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf, still in October.



Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn ;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears ;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

The Chances

Merciless Love, whom nature hath denied
The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride
And glory in thy murders, why am I,
That never yet transgress'd thy deity,
Never broke vow, from whose eyes never flew
Disdainful dart, whose hard heart never slew
Thus ill rewarded ? Thou art young and fair,
Thy mother soft and gentle as the air,
Thy holy fire, still burning, blown with prayer :
Then, everlasting Love, restrain thy will ;
'Tis god-like to have power, but not to kill.



Appear, appear !
And you soft winds so clear,
That dance upon the leaves, and make them
sing
Gentle love-lays to the spring,
Gilding all the vales below
With your verdure, as ye blow,
Raise these forms from under ground,
With a soft and happy sound.



Come away, thou lady gay.
Hoiſt ! how she stumbles !
Hark how she mumbles !

Dame Gillian !

Answer. I come, I come.

By old Claret I enlarge thee,
By Canary thus I charge thee,
By Britain Metheglin, and Peeter,
Appear, and answer me in metre.

Why when ?
Why, Gill !
Why when ?
Answer. You'll tarry till I am
ready.

Once again I conjure thee,
By the pose in thy nose,
And the gout in thy toes ;
By thine old dried skin,
And the mummy within ;
By thy little, little ruff,
And thy hood that's made of stuff ;
By thy bottle at thy breech,
And thine old salt itch ;
By the stakes and the stones,
That have worn out thy bones,
Appear,
Appear,
Appear !

Answer. Oh, I am here.

The Knight of Malta

Fair child of Virtue, Honour's bloom,
That here with burning zeal dost come,
With joy to ask the white-cross cloak,
And yield unto this pleasing yoke !
That being young, vows chastity,
And chusest wilful poverty ;
As this flame mounts, so mount thy zeal ! thy
glory
Rise past the stars, and fix in Heaven thy story !

The Nice Valour

Thou deity, swift-winged Love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power ;
Thou, that makest a heart thy tower,
And thy loop-holes ladies' eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise ;
Did all the shafts in thy fair quiver
Stick fast in my ambitious liver,
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more !



Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly !
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy ;
Oh, sweetest melancholy !

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound !

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves !
Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !

A midnight bell, a parting groan !
These are the sounds we feed upon ;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

The Beggars' Bush

Cast our caps and cares away :
This is beggars' holyday !
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see,
Where's so happy a prince as he ?
Where the nation lives so free,
And so merry as do we ?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest :
To the field we are not press'd ;
Nor are call'd into the town,
To be troubled with the gown.
Hang all offices, we cry,
And the magistrate too, by.
When the subsidy's increas'd,
We are not a penny sess'd ;
Nor will any go to law
With the beggar for a straw.
All which happiness, he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

The Loyal Subject

Broom, broom, the bonny broom !
Come, buy my birchen broom !
I' th' wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny broom !
For a kiss take two ,
If those will not do,
For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole treasure :
If all these will not do't,
Take the broom-man to boot.
Broom, broom, the bonny broom !

The False One

Come, let us help the reverend Nile ;
He's very old ; alas the while !
Let us dig him easy ways,
And prepare a thousand plays :
To delight his streams, let's sing
A loud welcome to our spring ;
This way let his curling heads
Fall into our new-made beds ;
This way let his wanton spawn
Frisk, and glide it o'er the lawns.
This way profit comes, and gain :
How he tumbles here amain !
How his waters haste to fall
Into our channels ! Labour, all,
And let him in ; let Nilus flow,
And perpetual plenty shew.
With incense let us bless the brim,
And as the wanton fishes swim,

Let us gums and garlands fling,
And loud our timbrels ring.
Come, old father, come away !
Our labour is our holiday.



Nilus. Make room for my rich water's fall,
And bless my flood ;
Nilus comes flowing to you all
Increase and good.
Now the plants and flowers shall spring
And the merry ploughman sing.
In my hidden waves I bring
Bread, and wine, and ev'ry thing.
Let the damsels sing me in,
Sing aloud, that I may rise :
Your holy feasts and hours begin,
And each hand bring a sacrifice.
Now my wanton pearls I shew,
That to ladies' fair necks grow.
Now my gold
And treasures that can ne'er be told,
Shall bless this land, by my rich flow,
And after this, to crown your eyes,
My hidden holy head arise.



Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air :
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.

Though your body be confined,
And soft love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly then, and dare
Ev'n the fetters that you wear.

The Queen of Corinth

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone ;
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
Trim thy locks, look chearfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last ?
Grief is but a wound to woe ;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no more.



Court-ladies, laugh and wonder. Here is one
That weeps because her maidenhead is gone ;
Whilst you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry,
But when too long it keeps you company.
Too well you know, maids are like towns on
fire,
Wasting themselves, if no man quench desire.
Weep then no more, fool : A new maidenhead
Thou suffer'st loss of, in each chaste tear shed.

Love's Cure

Turn, turn, thy beauteous face away,
How pale and sickly looks the day,
In emulation of thy brighter beams !
Oh, envious Light, fly, fly, begone,
Come, Night, and piece two breasts as one ;
When what Love does, we will repeat in
dreams.
Yet, thine eyes open, who can Day hence
fright ?
Let but their lids fall, and it will be Night !

The Knight of the Burning Pestle

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food ;
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep ;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes ;
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone :
But contented lives for aye ;
The more he laughs, the more he may.



Come, you whose loves are dead,
And whiles I sing,
Weep, and wring
Every hand ; and every head
Bind with cypress and sad yew ;
Ribbons black and candles blue,
For him that was of men most true

Come with heavy moaning,
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning ;
Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true !



I would not be a serving-man
To carry the cloak-bag still,
Nor would I be a falconer
The greedy hawks to fill ;
But I would be in a good house,
And have a good master too ;
But I would eat and drink of the best,
And no work would I do.



Better music ne'er was known
Than a quire of hearts in one.
Let each other, that hath been
Troubled with the gall or spleen,
Learn of us to keep his brow
Smooth and plain, as ours are now !

Sing, though before the hour of dying ;
He shall rise, and then be crying,
“ Heyho, ’tis nought but mirth
That keeps the body from the earth.”

Cupid's Revenge

Come, my children, let your feet
In an even measure meet !
And your cheerful voices rise,
For to present this sacrifice
To great Cupid ! in whose name,
I his priest begin the same.
Young men, take your loves and kiss ;
Thus our Cupid honour'd is.
Kiss again, and in your kissing
Let no promises be missing !
Nor let any maiden here
Dare to turn away her ear,
Unto the whisper of her love ;
But give bracelet, ring, or glove,
As a token to her sweeting,
Of an after secret meeting !
Now, boy, sing, to stick our hearts
Fuller of great Cupid's darts !



Lovers, rejoice ! your pains shall be rewarded,
The god of love himself grieves at your
crying :
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a maid's denying.

No more shall virgins sigh, and say "We dare
not,

For men are false, and what they do they care
not."

All shall be well again ; then do not grieve ;

Men shall be true, and women shall believe.

Lovers, rejoice ! what you shall say henceforth,

When you have caught your sweethearts in
your arms,

It shall be accounted oracle, and worth :

No more faint-hearted girls shall dream of
harms,

And cry "They are too young : " The god
hath said,

Fifteen shall make a mother of a maid :

Then, wise men, pull your roses yet unblown !

Love hates the too-ripe fruit that falls alone.

The Woman-Hater

Come, sleep, and, with thy sweet deceiving,

Lock me in delight awhile ;

Let some pleasing dreams beguile

All my fancies ; that from thence,

I may feel an influence,

All my powers of care bereaving !

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,

Let me know some little joy !

We that suffer long annoy,

Are contented with a thought,

Through an idle fancy wrought :

Oh, let my joys have some abiding !

Wit at Several Weapons

Fain would I wake you, sweet, but fear
I should invite you to worse cheer ;
In your dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than music ; no compare !
None of your slumbers are compiled
Under the pleasure makes a child ;
Your day-delights, so well compact,
That what you think turns all to act :
I'd wish my life no better play,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
 Wake, gently wake,
Part softly from your dreams !
 The morning flies,
 To your fair eyes,
To take her special beams.

The Maid in the Mill

Come follow me, you country-lasses !
And you shall see such sport as passes :
You shall dance, and I will sing ;
Pedro, he shall rub the string ;
Each shall have a loose-bodied gown
 Of green, and laugh till you lie down.
 Come follow me, come follow.
You shall have crowns of roses, daisies,
Buds, where the honey-maker grazes :
You shall taste the golden thighs,
Such as in wax-chamber lies.
What fruits please you, taste, freely pull,
Till you have all your bellies full.
 Come follow me, come follow.

The Faithful Friends

Then farewell the drum, pike, gun, and the
fife !

If a man loves jarring and plenty of strife,
To try his valour let him take a wife,
And to our old trades again.

Chorus. And to our old trades again.

Come, Pergamus, tailor, and Blacksnout too,
The shoemaker will teach your wives all what
to do,

For if you tread awry they'll underlay you :
Then to our old trades again !

Chorus. Then to our old trades again !

So, furious Mars, we bid thee adieu,
We care not for killing, it's a life for a Jew :
So let us be jogging with our jovial crew,
And to our old trades again !

Chorus. And to our old trades again !

A Masque

Shake off your heavy trance,
And leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread,
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow !

The Humorous Lieutenant

I obey, I obey ;
And am come to view ere day ;
Brought along all may compel,
All the earth has, and our hell.
Here's a little, little flow'r ;
This will make her sweet an hour,
Then unto such flames arise,
A thousand joys will not suffice ;
Here's the powder of the Moon,
With which she caught Endymion :
The pow'rful tears that Venus cry'd,
When the boy Adonis dy'd :
Here's to Medea's charm, with which
Jason's heart she did bewitch ;
Omphale this spell put in,
When she made the Libyan spin :
This dull root, pluck'd from Lethe flood,
Purges all pure thoughts, and good.
These I stir thus, round, round, round,
Whilst our light feet beat the ground.

The Honest Man's Fortune

You that can look through Heaven, and tell the
stars,
Observe their kind conjunctions, and their
wars ;
Find out new lights, and give them where you
please,
To those men honours, pleasures, to those ease ;
You that are God's surveyors, and can shew
How far, and when, and why the wind doth
blow ;
Know all the charges of the dreadful thunder,
And when it will shoot over, or fall under ;
Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,
Yes, and by truth, what shall become of me ?
Find out my star, if each one, as you say,
Have his peculiar angel, and his way ;
Observe my fate, next fall into your dreams,
Sweep clean your houses, and new-line your
seams,
Then say your worst ! Or have I none at all ?
Or, is it burnt out lately ? or did fall ?
Or, am I poor ? not able, no full flame ?
My star, like me, unworthy of a name ?
Is it, your art can only work on those
That deal with dangers, dignities, and clothes ?
With love, or new opinions ? You all lie !
A fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I ;
But far above your finding ! He that gives,
Out of his providence, to all that lives,
And no man knows his treasure, no, not you ;
He that made Ægypt blind, from whence you
grew

Scabby and lousy, that the world might see
Your calculations are as blind as ye ;
He that made all the stars you daily read,
And from thence filch a knowledge how to
feed,

Hath hid this from you ; your conjectures all
Are drunken things, not how, but when they
fall :

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still ;
And when the stars are labouring, we believe
It is not that they govern, but they grieve
For stubborn ignorance ; all things that are
Made for our general uses, are at war,
Even we among ourselves ; and from the strife,
Your first unlike opinions got a life.

Oh, man ! thou image of thy Maker's good,
What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy
blood

His spirit is, that built thee ? what dull sense
Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence,
Who made the morning, and who placed the
light

Guide to thy labours ; who call'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers ;
Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted
thee,

To let thee grow so near himself, the tree ;
Must he then be distrusted ! shall his frame

Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am ?
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay, even thy servants, when devotions call.
Oh, canst thou be so stupid then, so dim,
To seek a saving influence, and lose him ?
Can stars protect thee ? or can poverty,
Which is the light to Heaven, put out his eye ?
He is my star, in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate ! and when my mind
Is furnish'd with his fullness, my poor story
Shall out-live all their age, and all their glory !
The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,
When I know what, and in whose power it is :
Nor want, the curse of man, shall make me
groan ;

A holy hermit is a mind alone.
Doth not experience teach us, all we can,
To work ourselves into a glorious man ?
Love's but an exhalation to best eyes,
The matter spent, and then the fool's fire dies !
Were I in love, and could that bright star bring
Encrease to wealth, honour, and every thing ;
Were she as perfect good as we can aim,
The first was so, and yet she lost the game.
My mistress, then, be Knowledge and fair
Truth !

So I enjoy all beauty and all youth.
And though to Time her lights and laws she
lends,

She knows no age that to corruption bends :
Friends' promises may lead me to believe,
But he that is his own friend, knows to live ;
Affliction, when I know it is but this,
A deep allay, whereby man tougher is

To bear the hammer, and, the deeper, still
We still arise more image of his will ;
Sickness, an humorous cloud 'twixt us and
 light,
And death, at longest, but another night !
Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.



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